

THE PRESENT AGE.

CHICAGO OFFICE, 364 WARREN AVENUE.

Thoroughly investigate a subject, however strange, before condemning it.

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At Home and Abroad.

The inquiry of truth, which is the love-making of a woman of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. — Emerson.

SO GOES THE WORLD.

Our varied days pass on and on,
Our hopes fade unfulfilled away,
And things which seem the life of life
Are taken from us day by day;
And yet through all the busy streets,
The crowd of pleasure-seekers throng;
The puppets play, the showman calls,
And goes about the whole day long,
And so the world goes on.

Our little dramas come to naught;
Our lives may fall, our darling plan
May crumble into nothingness;
Our firmest castle fall to sand;
And yet the children sing and dance,
The money-makers laugh and shout,
The stars, unmindful, still shine bright,
Unconscious that our light is out,
And so the world goes on.

The house grows sad that once was gay,
The dear ones seek their blessed home,
And we may watch and wait in vain
To hear their well-known footsteps come,
And yet the sunlight checks the floor,
And makes the summer shadows long;
The rose-buds at the casement bloom,
The bird pours forth his cheerful song,
And so the world goes on.

And God goes on, and with our woe
Weaves golden threads of joy and peace;
Guarding with his heart of hearts
Our days of pain, our days of ease.
He marks them all—the seed, the sheaves,
The danger's smile, the mourner's tears—
And keeps them safe, His children all,
Through all the great eternal years,
And so, thank God, the world goes on.

SPIRITUALITY.

The materialism of our age expresses itself in utility. The practical faculties are principally susceptible of inspiration. Inventions multiply with bewildering rapidity. The Patent Office at Washington is in a constant state of siege. Publishers are daily accepting or rejecting new candidates for the distinctions of authorship. The various professions are rapidly being recruited from the ranks of those who feel that their calling lies in that direction. Banking and insurance companies receive their proportionate ratio of accessions, and the mercantile and commercial interests suffer no lack of development. The government credit is securely established in the confidence of the great money powers of the world, and the industrial interests of the whole country team with success. Wages for labor keep pace with the cost of the necessities of life for the most part, and the wrongs of the laboring classes find no lack of earnest champions for redress. The churches are quiet in the midst of this marvelous baptism of the times with the spirit of utilitarianism. No great waves of excitement disturb their even tenor; no spasmodic outpourings of the spirit, resulting in the spirit of sectarian bitterness and narrowness. And yet no observing person can fail to perceive that there is a universal interest felt in the direction of the unseen—the spiritual.

Spirituality—a quickened sense of a deeper life in truth—is pervading the mind of the people. This is evident in the avidity with which every new book which contains even a friendly allusion to Spiritualism, is seized upon by the public. It needs only a sidelong glance of friendship for the ideas and verities of this great subject, to procure for a book a wide-spread demand. This has been most strikingly illustrated in the reception given the recent work of Robert Dale Owen—"The Debatable Land." We have been surprised to read the notices of this work in the columns of the sectarian press. The *Watchman and Reflector*, a Baptist journal, speaks of it thus:

Robert Dale Owen's book on "The Debatable Land," is to our mind a stronger book than is generally supposed. Despite

some vagaries, and some matter which strains credulity a little too much, it contains a great deal of truth, and truth too that is stranger than fiction, and proves conclusively that there are phenomena in mind, or soul, or matter, that are not yet explained.

It is not long since the sectarian press had nothing but ridicule, misrepresentation, and abuse to heap upon any book that sought to establish the claims made in behalf of Spiritualism, and even the secular press could only sneer and revile. The *Independent* gives to this book of Owen's a two column notice, written with a spirit of candor and fairness truly gratifying. After speaking of some of the abuses of Spiritualism which we all recognize, the writer goes on to say:

Still, after all abatement, there remains a large residuum of extraordinary and unexplained phenomena. We agree with Mr. Owen that it is the duty of educated men, especially of Protestant clergymen, to examine carefully these facts; to "try the spirits," to sift and weigh the evidence, and to guide the minds of those who need leaders and advisers. Where so many millions of our fellow men are following such an influence, when it often does so much harm, and sometimes so much good, it will not do to set it aside as pure error and "humbug," and so let it go. It may not be according to our tastes, it may be connected with much that is disagreeable; but nothing which affects man ought to leave us indifferent. We cannot afford to slight such a vast phenomenon as this.

We were still more surprised on reading the notice of this book in the favorite Boston monthly, *Old and New*. It is really a finely written argument in behalf of Spiritualism. We cannot content ourselves with a quotation from it, and so shall take an early opportunity to present it entire. Literature affords us most cheering evidences of the progress of our faith. Almost every new and valuable book now issued by our publisher is tinged with our distinctive philosophy, and frequently presents the undisguised facts of spiritual intercourse. There is but little sale for anti-progressive books, except among those who reside outside of the pale of—we were about to say civilization—we mean newspaperdom, in some remote towns where intelligence is fifty or a hundred years behind the present day. Where the sun of truth shines brightest, there the spirit of progress leads the movements of the people, and in spite of the persistent and determined efforts of bigots, who, thoroughly alarmed by the rapid advancement of true spirituality, and the marvelous increase of power and influence on the part of Spiritualism, are making desperate attempts to roll back the wheels of progress and compel a return to the days of blind, unreasoning servility to religious authority, by attempting to foist upon the country a God-and-Christ-freighted constitution. The grand, all-controlling idea of the day is progression toward religious liberty in its largest extent, toward political freedom in its broadest construction, toward social equality in its highest sense, resulting in the establishment of the kingdom of harmony on earth when peace shall brood over the nations, righteousness rule the church, justice the state, and a close and holy relation be established between mankind and the heavenly spheres.

FROM "WHITE AS SNOW," BY EDWARD AND RUTH GARRETT.

When God means a genius to speak you may be sure that it speaks under any circumstances. Has not genius spoken from all sorts of places—prisons, ploughed fields, factories and shops? If there is any where that it speaks seldomest, I think it is in king's palaces, and rich men's houses. But I do believe that God makes many geniuses that he never means to speak, except to himself, like the wild flowers in the secret places of

the mountains blooming for his eyes only. We need not sit down and make our silly moan over what we call the waste. Does not God see depths of ugliness below what we see, and has he not a right to keep some beauty all to himself? These mountain flowers, living out their whole short life, and then peacefully fading down among the grass, need they envy the valley blossoms, torn up, and carried in hot hands and hot-tempered ovens, and put in vases, and forgotten, till somebody finds them out by the smell of decay and tells the rude truth of them and tumbles them into the gutter, to be carried off by the dust-cart? And yet on their part these valley flowers may have pleased a child or cheered an invalid. Let all be content. Those whom God uses in the world's work may be broken in the task but he can mend them. Those whom he keeps to himself, who shall say they are of no use? Does not a rich robe look the better if the unseen lining is good? He is but a poor merchant who has no stores but in his window. It is not a very fair character that does not hide a grain or two of its purest gold. The world was not made for you, nor for me, nor yet for to-day. It was made for God and for eternity, and depend on it it will find its ends.

PLYMOUTH PULPIT.

MR. BEECHER'S SERMON, JAN. 14.

A few years since, when the friends of anti-slavery were hoping and doing so much, Henry Ward Beecher preached a sermon from the text in Ephesians, vi, 6: "Servants, obey your masters," in which he leaned so much toward the side of slavery that all his friends mourned as over a fallen brother. It was one of those eccentricities that always follow a man of genius; well atoned for in after time, and well nigh forgotten to-day. Last Sunday he announced the same text and gave a sermon so full of strength and love that we give a synopsis of it.

Jesus sanctified humanity and gave to it dignity. The apostles possessed in great degree the spirit of the master. Especially do we find in Paul the recognition of humanity and the tender care for the poor. It was a manly sympathy, not weak pity, but there was even a vein of cheerfulness. It used to be supposed that this recognition of slavery by Paul countenanced it. It is not so more than the physician countenances disease when he recognizes it, but it was to teach and augment a manhood, and give joy in themselves to those in bonds, so that they may rise superior to their condition. They are enjoined to be lifted above their external condition.

Many things that stand, bend because of a broken foot, and these are incomplete; but you plant a tender vine at the foot of a stump, and it clasps it, twines about it, and all summer goes round and round until you have a living thing of beauty. So it is of a Christian who would over-grow the barren circumstances and overload the circumstances with beauty. Men have fountains in themselves. Take a comely lad treading in luxury and enjoying all its comforts, and let him betake himself to the wilderness. He cannot take his luxuries with him, but he has the better ones of good appetite. His tramping and climbing make him sleep as sweetly as the child and he comes back to tell you there was never so much beauty and enjoyment as he found there; and so the Christian may assume all the conditions of hardship, may be in the penitentiary, or prison, and yet may rejoice in his condition. What a task it would have been to the lad if he had endured so much for punishment.

What did not our boys endure in the camp. They were ashamed to mourn and pine; there was an inner power which triumphed over outward conditions. Men do exert their power that they may not be overcome by outward circumstance. There is a wondrous beauty in this conception of a Christian character.

It was not to the great that this appeal was made. If you are in bondage render a benediction to your master in singleness of heart as a child would do it. There is often craft in obedience, but obey as unto Christ. Don't whine and pine, stand up—do your duty heartily and sincerely.

Suppose a man say to an orphaned child that has been put out to a nipping, teasing, tormenting—well, sister to its mother, obey this creature with fear and trembling, would the child heed? But if he said do it as if it was your mother; think of her gentleness, and do it unto her, would not the child feel the power to obey? When there is a master hateful to look upon, hard, cruel, unfeeling, yet imagine that you do it as unto Christ—and obey the will of God, with true benevolence lofty, fruitful love as unto the Lord, and your service will be a joy.

What courage this ought to give to those that are in circumstances that do not please them, that are pitying themselves. There are some that are doing well in respect to things not agreeable. All men do well that which they like to do. It is easy to love those that love you. The difficulty is to do well what is not agreeable. We always sift out the disagreeable things; we call them the chaff. What cowards are men, doing the pleasant things first, avoiding duty when duty is hard. When you are fulfilling your whole duty, earnestly, promptly, God has adopted all things that are unpleasant. Whatever you do that is hard to be done, that is God's part.

When I have been out of my house I have seen not a few times children playing. I made friends with them by giving them candy; it is such a pleasant way to win the heart of children. But one day as I came out they all raced away from me as if I had been sent by the devil. What, said I, is this? After a time I learned that the mothers, holding the delusion that sugar was not good for children, had said to their little ones, "Don't you let Mr. Beecher give you candy; will you remember? candy is hurtful." And the little philosophers had raced away. It was what the mother had said that governed the child. That principle enlarged, how great may it become! If there might be to us nearness to God as the child to its mother and our obedience were as sweet and sure, how great the triumph over our evils.

Our religious duties do not lie with our conventional duties. There are those of the meeting or of the prayer meeting or of the conference, but our real religious duties are at the points of conflict with the world, when we go out into actual life. The boy's arithmetic becomes valuable when he is called into business. Not that which we do here is religion but when we go out into active life our real service is required, in our households, in our business, in our pleasure. Christianity is too much like the militia on the village green that ran away when real service was required, and whose regulation was that their regiment shall perform duty only in this village. The true Christian is tested by the actual experiences that meet him everywhere. Men pray for grace yet fly or hide when the grace of God is really required. There are men that

are agreeable in prayer meeting that are scolds at home. These have the sentiment in religion which is dangerous without being out-worked in practical forms. Easy-to-be-entreated is a sign of grace. Men will be good Christians on Sunday yet will shirk or dodge. When you do things cheerfully that you do not wish to do, be sure the grace of God is with you. Men are sent to serve in secular spheres. Some say if a man laughs the day after he has joined the church, "That is funny; how is this; other men are very stiff and solemn." You must taste the sap to see if it will make sugar.

The child's religious life is at home. Do what is duty then, in your own sphere, and not seek for a place in a Sunday school library. The boy's religion is in school, in faithfulness there, in conscientiously living the busy school life.

If you ever saw a poor child, and dressed it and washed it and combed it and fed it and were patient with it, then when you shall enter the spiritual kingdom, you shall hear, "Enter! for when I was hungry you fed me, you washed me, you were patient with me," and you shall say, "When saw I thee and fed thee," and you shall hear, "I sent that little child to you: enter."

The store is the place where a man's faithfulness is to be proved. Outside of business there is no religion for him. It is then that you are to show your benevolence, your gentleness, your justice, when tempted to do that which is not right.

When the young lover holds in his hand the picture of his lady love, it becomes to him an inspiration. He takes out the locket at his desk and it is the incentive to him to work faithfully; for her he will toil, for her he will achieve much; for her he will make sacrifice. If there is such power in human love, what may there not be in the divine? It is easy to be good-natured when all is agreeable, to be patient when there is no provocation, but Christian virtue is tested only in trial.

SPIRITUALISM OF 1871 IN ENGLAND.

The faithful friend of reform, Mr. James Burns, gives in his paper, *The Medicus*, of Dec. 29th, a review of the progress of Spiritualism in England the last year. He cites first the visit of Mrs. Hardinge, who gave her fine inspirations to full houses in London and in many other places in England. Everywhere she was greeted with enthusiasm and met well earned applause. The press noticed her movements in respectful terms, and she broke down many of the barriers of prejudice and placed Spiritualism on a broader and more clearly defined basis.

The experiments of Mr. Crookes so lucidly conducted and reported, drew public attention to another class of phenomena. Mr. Crookes most bravely defended his experiments, and sought to make them public; he labored so actively that the matter was brought before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, assembled at Edinburgh. Professor Thompson attacked Spiritualism and thus brought forward a discussion. There were several Spiritualist members of the association who busily scattered publications and thus agitated the stagnant pool of conservatism.

In the summer the farewell demonstration given in honor of Mrs. Hardinge became famous and historical in calling out the brilliant address by Gerald Massey, the beloved poet of the people of the whole world. This address has been published and is one of the means of showing to the world how adapted are the truths of the spiritual philosophy to the esthetic taste of a poet as well as to the sever-

er mind of the scientist. We should have Gerald Massey's address as one of our tracts, with one of his sweetest poems as the introduction. He is dear to the American people and belongs to them heartily; and his poems are sung in our social meetings and around our firesides, for his heart beats to the same grand music of reform and progress as ours in this busy, active, unsatisfied western world.

The visit of Mr. Peckles and Elder Evans were also events in the world of reformers abroad. The ideas of Shakerism so friendly to Spiritualism and springing directly from the facts of spiritual intercourse and resulting in a community where wars, crimes, and social inharmonies are unknown, were influential in calling public attention to the general progress of Spiritualism. The report of the Dialectical Society, called the world's attention to the phenomena of Spiritualism, and although no great results followed, yet general discussion was the result.

Among mediums we note the same changes as in this country. Herne and Williams, who hold dark circles, and Mrs. Morse who is a test and inspirational speaker, find their time occupied and a public always waiting for them. Miss Lottie Fowler has made a decided impression upon the people. Her honesty is trusted and her tests thankfully received. Miss Katie Fox is giving many remarkable and beautiful proofs of spiritual agencies among the aristocratic classes, and is receiving a reward for the trials that follow all mediumship.

The Progressive Library, through the persistent and unselfish labors of Mr. Burns, stands in advance of last year, and the Spiritual Institution whose agencies and extended work are all centered in the genial and kindly Mr. Burns, forms one of those batteries for spiritual galvanization of the palsied body of religious faith, that the spiritual world are so busy in establishing in all parts of the earth. One can scarcely comprehend what patience and charity and love and hope are required in an undertaking like that of Mr. Burns. He must have the eyes of a seer to look into that future that will come out of effort and the heart of a philanthropist to labor through obstacles severe and depressing, with the sole purpose of benefitting the world. We quote his own words at the close of his year's review.

"Upon the whole, the passing year has been fraught with many triumphs, and a great advance has been achieved upon former times. A more intimate connection is being experienced with the spirit-world and the doctrinal teachings of spiritual truths are gaining an ascendancy over mere phenomenal manifestations. For the past let us be grateful and in the present actively avail ourselves of the blessings vouchsafed from day to day. We may then look to the future with hope, knowing that the universe depends not upon us but upon a power whose purposes are certain to be fulfilled. Let us earnestly strive to know the will of this mighty mind, and as an infinitesimal part of Universal Being, strive to co-operate with the great whole, and achieve that success in life, that happiness of mind, which is the inheritance of those who live in accordance with their highest light."

LITTLE THINGS.—The perspicuousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than in the following morceau from Mr. B. F. Taylor:

Little martin-boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of a shattered paradise than any thing we know of; little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointment.

Little words are the sweetest; little charities fly the furthest, and remain the longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts the fullest, and little farms the best filled.

Little books are the most read, and little songs the most loved.

Advertisements.

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WHAT GOOD HAS RESULTED FROM SPIRITUALISM.

It is a very common allegation that Spiritualism has accomplished no good in the world. We fear that some are wilfully ignorant of the magnitude of work already accomplished. We unhesitatingly affirm, and are ready to maintain our position, by conclusive evidence before any impartial referee, that no religious movement of which we have record on the page of history, has, in a century, so changed and modified for the better the institutions of the nationalities of earth for the amelioration of the condition of humanity, as has modern Spiritualism, in less than twenty-four years. Our mind has been directed to a consideration of this subject by the following editorial note clipped from the columns of the *Golden Age*.

Our venerated friend Frederick W. Evans, Elder among the Shakers, has just put forth the following striking statement. He says: "At a public dinner, given by the Emperor of Russia, he confessed with the simplicity of a child, what was confirmed by the Empress and other members of their suite, that he was influenced by spirits, through the American medium, Home, to emancipate the twenty millions of serfs; and that the spirits helped and sustained him in the accomplishment of the arduous undertaking. Prince Albert and Queen Victoria were spiritualists; and skeptics are calling her crazy, and seeking to dethrone her upon that ground. Lincoln and Stanton were Spiritualists to our personal knowledge; and to the spirits were due the emancipation of slavery, and the final success of the North." Will Elder Evans communicate to THE PRESENT AGE an exact statement, based on his "personal knowledge," touching the spiritualistic views and experiences of Lincoln and Stanton?

The closing interrogatory conveys the impression that the editor of the *Golden Age* doubts the statement touching the Spiritualism of Lincoln and Stanton. We presume Mr. Tilton has no question of the well known fact that Queen Victoria, although by the law of the nation head of the church, yet has been a confirmed Spiritualist, as was also her husband, Prince Albert, and that since his death she has profitably consulted with him on the gravest matters of state. Because of this she has, like thousands in the humbler walks of life, been declared insane by designing men of church and state, hoping to profit thereby. By the testimony of medical men of the highest repute and connected with the queen's household, this slanderous report has been refuted to the entire satisfaction of the people. This noble sovereign and best of women is now, without interference, permitted to counsel with him so dear to her in life, and who accomplished much for his adopted country while in earthly form.

Here we have the clear and unqualified statement of the Emperor and Empress of all the Russias that through spirit influence, by direction of powers from the Great Beyond, twenty millions of "serfs," slaves sold with the soil on which they lived, were peacefully emancipated. Did Christianity ever accomplish or attempt to accomplish a work like this? On the contrary has not the Christian Church in America ever participated in the profits of slavery and the slave trade, and was it not the strongest bulwark of that institution, until by a movement inaugurated by infidels, slavery in the North became unpopular, whereupon the church in that section grew loud in its denunciations, and true to itself fell into the popular wake. But in the South, the laity, clergy, and bishops, vied with each other in taking the sword and fighting until the last moment in defense of the divinely ordained institution. In despotic Russia, the still small voice from the other side was listened to, and millions of bondmen, without the shedding of blood, were permitted to go free. Here in a Christian

republic, proclaiming to the world the inherent right of every man to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," the emancipation of four millions of slaves cost hecatombs of human life and thousands of millions of treasure. And yet we hear black clothed gentlemen from thousands of pulpits every Sunday, proclaiming the Christian Church to be the "light of the world."

Now in reference to Lincoln and Stanton, we doubt not Friend Evans is able to verify his assertion. Of Mr. Stanton as a Spiritualist, we have no knowledge, but in relation to Mr. Lincoln, we are acquainted with the following facts. Having been frequently told that Mr. Lincoln was a Spiritualist, soon after his death we visited Springfield, Illinois, his home for many years, and where his body now rests. This occasion favored us with an opportunity to make inquiries which we improved to the best advantage. We first met Col. James White, one of his nearest neighbors and an old resident, who informed us that Mr. Lincoln frequently attended the meetings of Spiritualists, even after he became president elect, and that he had sat in circles with him. Col. White gave us the name of a medium of Springfield whom Mr. Lincoln was in the habit of visiting. We went to her, and received a full confirmation of the statement, and many particulars worthy of record, which we may hereafter make known. Further, since that time we have been informed by a gentleman of Washington, of unquestioned veracity (whose name we do not take the liberty to use without his knowledge) that after Mr. Lincoln's arrival in that city and during many of the darkest hours of the first year of the war, the president had private circles at the White House, frequently for the purpose of consulting the invisibles. We have no question that Mr. Lincoln's belief in Spiritualism can be established beyond question, although we are well aware of the effort made by scheming priests to proclaim him a Christian, consistently with which, from all the pulpits of the land he was preached directly to heaven, notwithstanding he met his death while attending a theater, and never, from the moment he was stricken down till he drew his last breath, recovered consciousness essential to a death-bed repentance.

We have in this article written briefly only of the ameliorating influences of Spiritualism, politically. We shall in this direction continue the consideration of the subject hereafter, and refer to its benefits to the world of humanity in its moral and spiritual relations.

"JOHN BROWN'S BODY" AND THE SPIRIT VOICES AT MORAVIA, N. Y.

Whoever has been at Moravia and heard the spirit voices there, or seen the forms which appear and are recognized, must have been struck, if they considered for a moment, with the seemingly ludicrous nature of the surroundings and means at such an occasion. Passing over the unlittered simplicity of the host and hostess, at the Keeler farm house, whose only prominent characteristic aside from physical peculiarities, are earnest faith and uncomplicated child-like obedience, we need not stop with the medium to remark anything personal one way or the other. One view of the family is a picture from memory, years old, dating back to the time the big house was unfinished. Intercommunion with the public may have wearied the old couple, but can hardly have changed them much. Mr. Keeler was the same lymphatic, asthmatic, garrulous old farmer he now is; and the wife the same unsophisticated, reserved, yet genial woman. Mrs. Andrews then lived in the house, and yet "in her own part," among her children, who made all over the place music and sunshine of their own. She then seemed to us to be disturbed (as well she might) at the amount of time and strength she gave to the spirits and the public, while having household and maternal duties to perform. Our visit was made under favorable circumstances, and we, with our party, heard the voices speaking and singing and the hands touching us here

and there, as has been often described by those who have since made a pilgrimage to this modern oracle. The forms and faces had not been seen at that time.

Then "old man Keeler" was taxing even his faith, and some people's patience, with promises and prophecies of the very things that have since occurred on his premises, given in the same way as the sweet singing and personal communications at which we marveled and were comforted. All will not realize from the reports of brief visits and short communications, made by newspaper scribes and persons on hurried journeys, the practical and satisfactory nature of the conversation, sometimes held in prolonged and deliberate interviews, by those who had no cause for haste.

We recall the case of a Mrs. Haskell, which, upon our request, she published at the time, in the *American Spiritualist*. Her husband, a prosperous farmer, miller, and dealer in live stock, died leaving his business not confused, still in a state demanding his direction and explanation. Although living a long day's ride (by carriage) from Moravia, he had heard of the manifestations there, though even his name and existence were unknown to the family the spirits favor (and tax) by their wonderful performances. The spirit of Mr. Haskell announced himself at the seance at Moravia, and giving his name, asked them to send for his family, while, at the same time, if our memory serves us, he urged his family to visit Moravia. However, the father, wife and children were brought at last into the "spirit room," and there the widowed mother and fatherless ones received vocalized assurance of the undying love of the parent and husband, nor this alone, but the careful interest love engenders, was manifest in the copious and practical directions given the mother, herself a cultured and practical woman, for the settlement of his affairs, her own proceedings, &c. For confirmation of this, we refer to Dr. Robinson, of McLean, N. Y., an old established physician there, and father of the heroine of this "supernatural" romance, as we are unaware of the lady's present residence.

But we started writing with a different purpose in view than the history of the spirits in the Keeler family; it was our intention to point out some of the apparent absurdities connected therewith, and lo! our pen like Balaam's ass of yore, has carried us on until we have admired and "blest," that which we by no means desired to "curse," but did not wish to freely note and comment upon, in the interest of Spiritualism and good sense.

When the Eleusinian Mysteries were celebrated of old in the sacred groves and caves, but little more was to be observed and experienced than the modern novice may gain at Moravia; to be sure, it is probable the manifestations were different in character, as become an age when Venus was adored; when Astarte was a goddess to whom women sacrificed their person, as well as in the worship of Priapus, type of masculine power and reproductive energy? But however intimate, sexually or otherwise, the ancients may have been in the Mysteries, with the spirits scarcely less external than themselves, they could not have been made to recognize more forcibly than we, the fact of their existence and power, though with all their marvels, they may have been less disposed to analyze the things they experienced. At any rate, with science at our beck, we should be able to induce something better than obscure mythology or superstitious orthodoxy from our observations. There is a contrast between the ways we go to work certainly! When the ancient Mysteries began, only the first, best, and wealthiest were admitted to a novitiate and before the opening seance, forth went the armed herald, crying, "Proclaim! Proclaim!" "Hence! Hence!! ye profane!!" Common folks proclaimed (which is not Latin) accordingly; yea! we may say, they "sloped," "put," "got out," "absquatulated," "mizzled," and "skedaddled," altogether, for the aforesaid herald, with his aiders and abettors, had a savage *habeas corpus* process they served on those who,

like Lot's wife, lingered and looked back. They initiated these common loafers in a hurry, sending them to glut their curiosity on the gloomy bank of Styx, hell's own water power, whence unless fuddled by lethean drink, they could make at leisure their observation of the occupations of the damnable!

But in this age, when oracles are itinerating by steam car, taking not even a tripod in their Saratoga trunks; when shrines are set up in farm houses after a lunatic order of architecture, how differently we manage to be sure! Our mysteries, are not in caves but, Chaldean and Egyptian style, atop the house; we have no shouting herald, crying his death enforced *proclaim*; but instead the wheezy yet generous welcome of a common old man, who offers oats for the horses, or "something to eat" for ourselves. We know these fashions did not obtain among the initiates and novices of the antique mysteries, nor do we believe they sang "John Brown's Body" to arouse celestial or infernal ghosts! The wonder is, considering the spiritual, tender nature of very much that is experienced there, that they should ever do it at Moravia. But they do, and it suits the taste of Mr. Keeler, and is a favorite air with the angels themselves; hence springs scandal and disgust in the minds of those who know they who purport to communicate would never have endured or countenanced such unmusical bawling, bad noise and no sense.

"John Brown's whisky bottle, is empty on the shelf."

is not just the sentiment we imagine our spirit friends delighted with, especially when sung to an air, which is a cross between an orthodox psalm tune, an Indian war hoop, and a Highland slogan! Why in the name of sin, is it tolerated then? Why is it demanded by the spirits? and why to quote Mr. Keeler, will it "start things agoing sooner than any thing else?" This is what "an enlightened public" (who are after all, ignorant as horse blocks in Spiritualism) would like to know; and we, conscious that "one story is good until another is told," "rise to explain;" and let it be understood, by those who have not the proper veneration for our infallibility, that the Moravia spirits themselves, concurred in our teaching upon this head. It so happened when we sat in the spirit room at Mr. Keeler's, that what with his asthma and a friend's bronchitis, and "weak lungs" on the part of two ladies, ours were the only human bellows in good repair, then and there available. Now we have spoken two hours at a time out of doors, and have been heard by five thousand at once in the open air; yet our bump of tune is utterly undeveloped, as far as it aids us to sing at all! we are good at hearing, but are of those who

"Die with all their music in them."

But at the seance, we were requested, implored, nay, *commanded* to sing; and of all things singable, "John Brown's Body." We had heard it amid other scenes, in the marshes near New Orleans, when the sunrise kissed the serried ranks of war, and tramping thousands emphasized the time; while distant Dalglengs on the fleet, roared out the thorough bass of the performance. So shutting our eyes, although 'twas dark, and "invoking the aid of the military" (from spirit life) we put ourselves into the work. Our host wheezed like a giant in love, or despair; our comrade with bronchitis rasped mellifluous as a handsaw; the weak sisters of ours, wailed, whistled, and squeaked, hopelessly behind; but for us, our blood was up! Our thoughts were with the glories that were past, and like a cavalry charge at desperate odds, careless of time, rhyme, or tune; we rushed and roared out our song, in a way that would have put Stonewall Jackson or Robert Lee to flight in a moment, if they ever had an ear for music! Suddenly in the midst of all this, we heard, clear, unmistakable, and sweet, other voices joining in the singing, and thrilling through our chaos of sounds, like the note of a bird above the cackling of geese! We held our breath to listen, but the spirit song kept on a moment, improvising a couplet or two, suitable

to the occasion, and then stopped; nor could we hear it again, until we had again gone through our musical (?) paces. Now this roaring was fun for us generally, and we have spent hours at it, out of doors, alone, merely for exercise and sport. But at this time, when

"The music all was ground,
And silence like a poultrie came
To heed the blows of sound,"

we were quite tired out, in lungs and voice, and wondering at "how hard it was to sing." Comparing this fact with others, we concluded that in some way, the spirits used the vital element we threw off in vocalizing, to sustain their own voices, as we heard them. Inquiring of them if this were so, they assented, and we learned, that their partiality for "John Brown," was merely from the fact that every body knew the air; that it had a roaring chorus, was sung with force—in short, that it involved great use of the organs of the chest, and hence the evolution of the very forces they gathered and echoed back to us as the vehicle of their own utterance! Not the "body" or the "whisky bottle" of Old John of Ossawatimie, is cared for, but for sound, for evolution, for action, the demand is made, and hence the possibility of their being heard.

And so very many things in Spiritualism, which seem absurd, when understood are orderly and sensible, and we learn to "suspend judgment" in every case, until the amount of our information, begins in degree to equal the greatness of our conceit of ourselves.

LECTURES AT SEARL'S HALL, WAUKEGAN.

LYMAN C. HOWE will lecture at Searl's Hall, Waukegan, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday evenings of the present week. None who have listened to this eloquent trance speaker, will fail to hear him again; and those who have not, should embrace this opportunity, if they would hear an able exposition of the new philosophy.

For the Present Age.
THE DEPARTED.
The forms of the loved departed—
They visit me in dreams,
They glide about our household
Like shadows over streams.
I know their peaceful, pleasant smiles
Still on me sweetly fall;
Their words of love I faintly hear,
My name they joyfully call.
I know that they are happy
In their bright angel home,
And during all the weary hours,
I feel I'm not alone.
E. S.

Editorial Notes.

A GLANCE at almost any number of the PRESENT AGE will give assurance to its patrons that we are making every possible effort, not only to render it instructive to those who have but just entered upon an investigation of the political and religious reforms it advocates, but interesting to those who have for a score of years been intelligently worshipping in the temple of Spiritualism, that temple, whose dome is the circumambient heaven and its base the broad earth, embracing all mankind. In our last week's issue, in addition to the usual editorial matter, we favored our readers with contributions from A. E. Newton, Dr. S. B. Brittan, Hudson Tuttle, Prof. E. Whipple, and Austin Kent. And this only constituted one half of that number of our paper. We might refer with self-satisfaction, at least, to the HOME CIRCLE, and Woman's Department, so well conducted by Mrs. Cridge and Miss Pease, to the lecture and sermon published, to our correspondence and the miscellaneous departments. Our readers will bear in mind that the large amount of reading we furnish weekly, costs them less than six cents! Now we want to impress upon the minds of our friends the fact that what we are doing costs immense labor, and conducted with the most rigid economy, averages one hundred and fifty dollars actual expenses for each number, and that we want five thousand new subscribers within the next thirty days. We specially desire those who are yet in arrears to remit. Please do not defer but act immediately after the reading of this, and let each endeavor to get us at least one new subscriber.

The correspondence arising from the letter of Newman Weeks reprinted in the Troy Convention, published October last, does not possess either direct interest to our readers, or due its continuance beyond a certain number. A communication from K. Bailey pertaining thereto, appearing in another column, and is so bulky of a personal character that it stretches of our rules to admit it; if we should not, but for the fact that by oversight we had given place to the allusion of Mr. Weeks (also, a personal nature) which called for forth. However, all parties are now been heard and it is desirable that the matter be henceforth dropped. We think no one in attendance at our national conventions for several years past, will disagree with our statement of Friend Weeks as to a "disorder" occasioned by a controversy rising to a question of "order," this so tenaciously insisted upon, that the impression became very great that a notoriety was sought in this direction. With reference to the question under consideration, we think the public care little where the "points" were well taken or not.

Is the last issue of the *Home Circle*, appears a somewhat extraordinary letter from Emma Hardin, which we had hoped to critically notice, and shall do so next week. Editorial matter for this number, has been written while on a sick bed, against the expositions of Spiritualism and friends. We cannot, however, forbear saying that we think Mrs. Hardinge will eventually regret the publication of this letter.

THE usual contribution for the HOME CIRCLE has not come to hand, and we substitute an interesting incident which cannot fail to please our young readers and we doubt many "children of larger growth."

Personal.

LYMAN C. HOWE.—Arrangements having been made with Mr. Howe, speak through the months of January and March at Waukegan, and Kenosha, Wis. (alternating Sunday with Miss Nettie M. Pease) he commenced his labors in the place on Sunday last. The success of Mr. Howe in Chicago has been marked, as will be seen by the animated communication, and he has been re-engaged in that city. Mr. Howe's services can be secured to lecture week day evenings while speaking above named places. Societies within one hundred and fifty miles of Chicago on any line of railroad, should embrace this opportunity to hear of the first of our inspirational speakers.

On Sunday, Jan. 28th, Bro. H. closed his present engagement with the First Society of Spiritualists at Chicago. Although the day was one of the most inclement of the season, the West Side Opera House was filled with interested listeners to the eloquent teacher. At the close of the morning lecture, Judge Holmes offered the following resolution which was unanimously adopted by the large audience in attendance.

Resolved: That we, the members of the First Society of Spiritualists of Chicago, and who have attended the lectures of brother, Lyman C. Howe, during the present month, and many times heretofore, be pleased in giving expression to the high esteem in which we hold him as a man, as a speaker, strong and truthful in sentiment, clear and logical in expression, once natural and phenomenal, and worthy of any in the field, and we commend to the kind regards of all who seek for truth as delivered by the spirits, who through him with understanding and wisdom to edification.

This society has a legal organization under the statutes of the State, and is now in a more prosperous condition than it has been for several years past. Miss Susie M. Johnson follows Mr. Howe, commencing first Sunday in February. Bro. H. has been engaged to lecture during the Sundays of April, May, and June next. Parties wishing to make engagements with him for the evenings in the vicinity of Chicago will please address him in care of S. J. AVERY, M. D., Pres. First Spiritualists Society, Chicago, 95 West Randolph.

Miss R. AUGUSTA WHITING, of whom we wrote at length in connection with the Calhoun Circle, has consented to enter the lecture hall. We heartily rejoice that one giving so much promise of usefulness, has accepted the call made by her brother.

The Home Circle.

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE. EDITOR.

A SELECTION.

BY EDGAR FAUCETT.

The sleigh at the door, and the horses are stamping.

Eager to rush through the fresh, frosty air.

That smokes at their nostrils, and sets their flanks tingling.

And fills them with capers—the frolicsome pair!

Now, children, don't loiter so long with your dressing.

But hurry to take your warm seats in the sleigh;

And nuzzle in cozy buffalo-wrappers.

We'll beat the bells as we scamper away.

Ah! while we go fleetly, go merrily onward.

How queer to watch all the wild change winter makes.

A meadow and marshes, in orchards and uplands.

In lakes and in roadides, in rivers and lakes!

How green those great chestnuts were all through the summer!

Oh! here we went berrying—wasn't it nice?

And this is the spot of our picnic, and only to think, we once fished in that mirror of ice!

It's stupid to sigh, though, for summer's past pleasures;

Because, if they lasted forever, you know, perhaps we should find ourselves hating the flowers.

And longing for rigorous north winds to blow.

Besides, who shall say winter isn't delightful.

When able to furnish such sleigh-rides as these—

With merry bells ringing, the air fresh and stinging.

And enough wraps to smother yourself, if you please.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE ON THE OHIO RIVER.

AN INCIDENT OF THE FLOOD OF 1852.

The river rises wonderfully fast, wife," said Jack Martin, as he wiped his hands on the roller-towel behind the door, before sitting down to his supper. "It is almost up to the top of the bank; never was known to be so high; and Wilson really seemed scared about it."

"Do you think there is any danger?" asked Mrs. Martin, as she poured out his tea.

"No, we are not going to be carried away because it is a few feet above high water mark. It will go down as it came up, when it is ready. Come in." This was said in answer to a knock at the door, and was followed by the appearance of a boy about thirteen years of age.

"Mother is sick, Mrs. Martin," he said, approaching the table, "and she sent me to ask you to come over. Granny Hays is down with the rheumatism, and she hasn't got no one with her."

"I expected it," said Mrs. Martin. "What shall I do?"

"Go, of course," said her husband. "You can't do anything else."

"She is very bad," said the boy, "and I'm going round to fetch the doctor."

"Well, draw up and get some supper, Joe," was Jack's answer; "then I will put Dolly in the wagon, and we will go to the upper road and take the doctor in."

"But the children, father?"

"Now don't begin to worry, Molly. Sally can take care of the baby, and I will not be gone more than an hour or so. You can get along, can't you, Sally?"

"I guess so," was the smiling reply of a bright-eyed girl of some thirteen years who sat beside him.

"The creek is running like a mill-race, and the water is spreading all over," said Joe. "The trees looked standing in it when I came over the hill. I don't believe we could get along that road."

"The water is backing up then," said Jack; "but it is too cold for it to rise much further."

Mrs. Martin made a hurried meal, and, stowing various articles in a basket, was ready by the time her husband had the wagon at the door.

With charges to Sally concerning the baby, she stepped in, while Jack locked the house door and put the key in his pocket, telling the children to go to bed as soon as they had set things to rights, but to be sure and have a good fire and keep a light burning, for he would not be gone long.

Jack Martin and his young wife had left New England when they were first married, and settled upon the Ohio river distance above Cincinnati. Here Jack had built a small frame house and begun to cultivate his land, and here his five children were born, two of whom had died—Sally and Will and the baby being all that were left. Jack was a happy, light hearted, industrious man, who worked his farm and "took things

easy." His land was productive, his crops had sold well, he had built him a fine barn, and had good out-houses, but his own dwelling was the shabbiest part of the premises. It was a frame of but one room, with a loft above which had been put up for present wants when he first settled there, but it was plastered snug and tight. Every year Jack had thought he would add to it, and when his wife represented that it was getting very old, and was really too small for her growing family, he would put her off with a promise of building next spring, and a compliment to her housekeeping.

After her parents left, Sally proceeded to wash up the tea things. The baby, a child some ten months old, was asleep. Turning up the end of the brown table cloth, Will got out his slate and arithmetic, and began to cipher, while Sally went back and fourth from the cupboard to the table, singing and putting the things away.

Will was slow at figures; he put down and rubbed out, and bothered and scratched his head; and finally appealed to Sally, with, "Just show me this part."

Thus an hour passed. The baby awoke and was fed and played with, and the two getting sleepy they prepared for bed.

Usually they slept in the loft unless the weather was very cold, but this night they had been told to get in below with the baby. Before undressing they rolled a large log on the fire, and put a candle in the lantern, as they had been taught to do for safety.

Tired with their walk of two miles from school in the wind, they were soon asleep. Suddenly Sally was awakened by she knew not what, and was turning to go to sleep again, when there was a groaning, creaking noise, and she thought she felt the house move.

Thoroughly aroused, she sat up in bed. The lantern was dark, and from the hearth, where she had left a great fire, came a hissing sound, and there was only the glare of a dull, burning log. She thought some one was putting out the fire, and called, "Father! father!"

There was no answer, but the sound continued. Without waking William, she sprang out upon the floor and ran towards the fire-place. As she reached it her feet splashed in the water which was running along over the floor. Quick as light she thought came, "The river is up!" She groped for a candlestick, and found one with a small piece of candle remaining in it. Taking one of the long sulphur matches used in those days, she touched it to a coal and had a light.

A quick glance around told her at once what was the matter. The hearth laid with heavy stone had sunk several inches below the floor of the room, and up through the crevices of this came the water, which had almost put out the fire, leaving only the logs burning. The door was locked. Raising the window curtain she gazed out. The house was surrounded by water; the waves were washing up against it and over the doorstep. As far as her eye could reach, all around about was water, only water, with trees standing in it.

The girl had been brought up to depend on herself, and she had both resolution and courage. Running to the bed, she shook Will. "Get up, Will, get up! The river is all around the house." The boy sat up, rubbed his eyes stupidly, then sank back again. "Get up, Will, do get up! Don't you hear?—the river is coming in the house." She shook him again. "Dress quickly, and don't wake baby." She already had her own shoes on, and was fastening up her dress. There was the same creaking noise, and the house shook. Will comprehended at last, and while putting on his clothes ran to the window.

"What are we to do?" he asked in affright. "If father was only here!"

"We must go to the loft and wait until father comes," she answered.

Taking the baby in her arms, she climbed the stairway and laid it on her own bed, wrapping it up warmly. When she came down again, Will, who had been looking out, stood with the tears running down his face.

"Where is father? O Sally, where is father? I am so afraid he is drowned; he has not come home!" She hugged the tender-hearted boy close. "No, Will, no, father is safe; he will only be troubled about us." She shuddered herself as she reassured him. "He will get a boat and come."

Finding the water was covering the floor, they carried to the loft all the articles they could move, not forgetting some bread and a crock of milk for the baby. They then took refuge there themselves.

While they were thus engaged they frequently felt the house quiver.

It was cold. They had a light, but no fire. So, wrapped in comforters, they held each other close,

not daring to go to bed. They crouched near one of the windows, of which there were two in the loft, one looking back on the hills, the other in front of the river.

Their father did not come. It was not a dark night, and they could see that the water spread over the meadows almost to the hills. The barns and all the out-houses stood surrounded. They could hear the geese gabble in alarm, and the ducks quack, for they had been driven from their shelter.

It was a strange sight, and one well calculated to fill them with fears. They spoke little as they sat huddled together, except to say, "what is that?" as the creaking noise they had heard grew louder. Will, who had always been delicate, was a dependent, loving, sympathizing boy, whose bravery was shown in bearing—he was uncomplaining but sympathetic. Sally, who had often kept the house for weeks together when her mother was ill, and cooked her father's meals, and even done the washing, was sturdy, and a little rough to others, but to Will she was always tender. Now her heart ached for the lad she held in her arms.

The little wooden clock on the mantle shelf below struck two, and a moment after there was a great noise, as of something tearing away—a jarring and a jerking; the house swayed to and fro, and as if struck with something, went down one side and up the other. With a smothered exclamation the children covered up their heads and clung closer to each other. A violent motion was followed by a calm. They looked up. There was a tearing and pushing along the sides of the house, a violent thump, the window glass rattled as it broke and fell, and the opening was darkened by branches of trees. A moment more, and all was quiet again. They were still. Presently Sally stood up and said, "We are moving, Will; the house is moving!" She ran to the front window and looked out. They were afloat on the broad Ohio. Alone, without help, in this old house, they were moving down the surging stream.

With a wild scream Sally sprang across the floor, and looked out at the back window. She saw the barn and the wood house and the tops of the fences, with chickens roosting on them. Great trees which had been uprooted, and in whose branches wood and logs and other debris had caught, were swaying where the house had stood, apparently pinned by something remaining there. Even as she gazed, the distance between them and these familiar objects increased, and she knew they were on the broad, swift current of the river, helpless.

The boy saw the terror in her face, and, clinging close to her, he looked up and said, softly, as a big tear swelled under her lid and fell upon his upturned cheek, "Don't cry, Sally; God will help us." The girl, always more given to depend upon herself than to seek higher aid, clasped him, and relieved herself by a loud burst of sobbing.

Awakened by the noise, the baby cried, and had to be taken up and fed; this took the attention of the children for some moments from themselves and their situation, which they could not fully realize. The raft of trees and driftwood coming against the old house, already swaying in the water, had forced it from its foundations and swept it out into the open river, bearing it past the great trees on the bank, the boughs of which had broken the windows and torn off some of the weather boarding from the side.

Somewhat herself again, Sally laid the baby down, and drawing Will with her, crept to the window. Crouching, they looked out. Just then the piece of candle flared up, sank again into the socket, flickered and went out. "It will soon be morning," the boy said, in answer to Sally's clasp as they were left alone in the darkness.

"Then the people will see us and come and take us away," was her reply.

The clock had struck four. Kneeling there, they passed villages and high bluffs, and saw distant towns, all of which seemed submerged, for there were lights gleaming from upper story windows in the houses, and moving about as though on the water. Dark objects went swiftly by them, and every little while the house would dip and rock, as a log or tree or other weighty object struck it.

Heavy as their hearts were they spoke to each other of the great flood and likened themselves to Noah in the Ark. They were in the current and went swiftly on. Five o'clock struck, then six; they began to see objects distinctly in the dawning light.

"See!" exclaimed Will, "there is something on that bale of hay, and there is a coop, full of chickens too!"

"Look at that settler and those chairs! and there is a dog house turned upside down, and the poor dog is clinging to the outside with

his paws; he is chained to it." Sally pointed towards the spot.

Hay, straw, articles of furniture, bales of cotton, wood, and timber of all kinds, strewed the face of the river.

"Oh!" The house creaked as though going over, as some large object struck against it, and the children were thrown back upon the floor. It righted again, and tremblingly they continued to watch the waters, their thoughts diverted from themselves from what they saw.

There was a strange noise at the back window, a scratching and clanging and thumping. They drew near to see what it was, and found that the cat, which had probably been on the shed, that plank by plank was falling away from the house, had sought the refuge of the window all without, where she was disturbed by the old ram, also on the shed, and making frantic efforts to reach the same position with paws, as he felt his unsafe foothold tremble beneath him. As he bounded up, or climbed against the house, striving to make way with his horns, the cat would draw back and spit and hiss at him. Amused, despite themselves, the children opened the window and the cat bounded in, while the old ram was left to his fate.

With the light, all Sally's resolution and energy came back to her. They passed towns and villages. She knew they must be near Cincinnati, of which she had heard, and there, she had a vague idea, they would be rescued.

Taking the sheets off the bed, she fastened them to a couple of slats from the bedstead, and put them out of the window, as she had seen persons do on the river bank when they wished to attract attention and get a steambot to stop. After several attempts she succeeded in nailing the slats to the window sill.

Stationing Will at one window, she placed herself at the other, her heart palpitating with expectation.

The sun had now been up some time; she had a clear view of the scene, and began to realize the danger and to shudder at every creak of the timbers of the house.

They passed a solitary dwelling half immersed, then several, then a town with steamboats at the landing, and skiffs and dugouts paddling through the streets. They were sure that the men in them saw the house—they pointed to it, and they were talking of it, but still no help.

On they went. The waters were more turbulent, the surface of the stream more thickly studded with floating articles. Now it would spread out so wide it seemed boundless, and again it would contract, and on the high ground would be dwellings not yet reached by the flood.

An hour passed. Sally was almost frantic, and began to despair. Several times she had seen people make signals to them, but none came to help. The baby fretted and cried, and Will took it up and soothed and grieved milk.

"Eat a bit, Will, eat a bit," said Sally, who was herself almost exhausted through want of sleep and excitement. The lad only shook his head and looked up. There was an expression in his face beautiful to see.

"We are coming to a town. This must be Cincinnati. See the houses!"

Sally leaned out of the window and wildly waved something she had snatched up, raising her voice at the same time and shrieking for aid.

"Put the baby down, Will, and come and wave and holler," she said, looking in at him, and Will obeyed.

"They see us! Why don't they help us?" she exclaimed in wild excitement. "It is Cincinnati! Why don't they come? See the boats!"

She came near falling out of the window. They passed the suburbs; people saw, and shouted to them, but seemed to have no power to reach them. They were coming in from the city, the lower part of which, with Covington and Newport, lay in the water. The steamboats appeared to be away up in the town, and many skiffs and other little crafts were plying upon the river.

Now they were indeed seen, and their shouts were answered, but the skiff could not get near them. The current of the river was strong, and there were too many large objects on its surface. Encouraged by a knowledge that they were seen, the children increased their exertions. Sally brought the baby from the bed and held it up. Presently a large boat, which was manned by men who were at work trying to save some of the lumber of a saw-mill, shot out and came towards them. Slowly and steadily it moved in and out, avoiding or pushing off the driftwood and other articles floating by.

People who had been obliged to retreat to the second story of their dwelling put their heads out at the windows to see the strange sight—a house afloat—and waved and shouted and threw up their hands when they saw that it had inmates, and those inmates were children. Meantime the house was floating on and the

boat was nearing it. A few lengths and it would be at its side. Just then a huge saw-log, which had been lying like a great whale on the surface of the water, was struck by something, and, changing its course, dashed into the side of the dwelling. A startled shriek was given by the lookers on, as, thrown down by the concussion, the children disappeared, and the water dashed over the parted timbers.

While the frame turned and whirled in the eddy, the log moved on. Taking advantage of the clearer space, the boat gained by a few clever strokes the side of the ruin; then, while one of the crew succeeded in making it fast, another climbed to the window, where the children had again appeared, and lifted them out. A moment more and the house fell over on its side.

"I thought God would take care of us," whispered Will to Sally, as they were safely set ashore.

Jack Martin, who had reached the vicinity of his home to find it gone, was soon informed of the safety of his children, and ere long the family were together again. Need we say it was a joyful meeting?—Our Young Folks.

How to Know a Goose.—"Mother, mother!" cried a young rook returning hurriedly from its first flight, "I'm so frightened! I've seen such a sight!"

"What sight, my son?" asked the rook.

"O, white creatures screaming and running, and straining their necks, and holding their heads ever so high! See, mother, there they go!"

"Geese, my son, merely geese," calmly replied the parent bird, looking over the common. "Through life, child, observe that when you meet any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once for a goose."

MANNERS.—"You will never learn manners without, until you learn them within," says some sage old moralist; and certain it is that there is a kernel of truth in the aphorism, in whatever sense it may be taken. We shall never learn to be mannerly and courteous in the street until we learn to be so in the home circle; and we shall never learn to be outwardly courteous until our hearts have been imbued with that kind of unselfishness which is the principal element of true courtesy.

Pleasantries.

"It's all well enough," said Simon, "to call a spade a spade, but I can't see the sense in calling stockings hoes."

A DROVER who sells his cattle by live weight, always gives them as much water as they will drink before driving them onto the scale. "That," he says, "is what I understand by watering stock."

A FARMER saw an advertised recipe to prevent wells and cisterns from freezing. He sent his money and received the answer, "Take in your well or cistern on cold nights and keep it by the fire."

LITTLE Jessie had been doing something which her mamma had told her she mustn't do. She had been eating currants, and, of course, got her mouth all stained. That's the way she got found out. Her mother said: "You know you were forbidden to eat currants!" "But, mother, Satan tempted me!" "Why didn't you say, Get thee behind me, Satan?" "I did say, Get thee behind me, Satan. And he went and got behind me, and pushed me right into the currant-bushes."

SOMEWHAT PARTICULAR.—As the fourth train from New York reached Stamford, Saturday, an antique looking dame thrust her head out of the window opposite the refreshment room door, and, briefly shouted, "Sonny!" A bright looking boy came up to the window. "Little boy, have you a mother?" "Yes, ma'am." "Do you go to school?" "Yes, ma'am." "Are you faithful to your studies?" "Yes, ma'am." "Do you say your prayers every night?" "Yes, ma'am." "Can I trust you to do an errand for me?" "Yes, ma'am." "I think I can too," said the lady, looking steadily down on the mainly face. "Here are five cents to get me an apple. Remember God sees you."—Hartford Post.

THE EFFECTS OF INTemperance.

Among the names registered at the Tombs the other night, was that of a youth of about fifteen years of age, who had been arrested for drunkenness. But he was not drunk nor had he been drinking. He was, moreover, in good sound health, but gave all the external indications of being intoxicated when arrested by a police officer. Upon protesting to the keeper of the Tombs that he was not intoxicated, it was revealed that the unfortunate youth had been born a natural drunkard, or rather that he had always acted like such a thing. He said that although in good health he had never been able to walk without staggering. His speech was not unlike that of persons in a decided state of intoxication, and when excited he would mutter and reel. The unfortunate youth was detained until the next day and was not sent to the court to be gazed at through judicial spectacles. A subsequent investigation of the case proved that the lad had been telling the truth about himself, but his condition revealed a demonstration of the natural law, that the child is a fair copy of his parents. It appears that prior to marriage, the father had been a secret but confirmed inebriate, and when the fact became known to the woman thus suddenly and unexpectedly, she wept in the most terrible manner. Almost broken-hearted, she contemplated the future misery in store for her. Months passed away, when it was discovered that the child, at three years of age, acted strangely; and at the end of six months the unhappy woman fully realized all her forebodings. The effect produced upon the mother was not without the influence upon the midst of tears of bitter anguish, the sin that had been visited upon the child, the man reformed. He has now, several bright children, and most exemplary ones, too, they are. But the boy that was brought into the Tombs was not drunk, but had entailed upon him a life of misery, as it was a blasted destiny.—N. Y. Tribune.

Juvenile Correspondence.

DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:—I like to read the HOME CIRCLE and wait with great impatience for the next paper, and so I will try to write a letter for it. I like especially to read letters, and hope some of my young friends that can do better than I, will follow my example. When I heard of the Chicago fire and what mischief it had done, I was afraid I should not see the HOME CIRCLE again, but it did come and the HOME CIRCLE with it and I was very glad and I think others were glad too. California is the best story that has ever been published in the HOME CIRCLE, at least I think so.

ROBBIE BRIGGS.
ROMEO, Jan 21st, 1872.

Temperance.

BATTLE CRY OF TEMPERANCE.

From an Ode spoken by W. H. C. Rosmer at Southampton, N. Y., before the Grand Lodge of Good Templars.

There's a mustering of forces
From the mountain and the glen,
Men are arming for the struggle,
Not apologies for men.
Dry bones are to life awaking,
And prophetic eyes behold
Wonders in the "Val of Vision,"
Like those grandly seen of old.Long the tribes of men have languished
Under a destroying curse;
Sore were plagues that fell on Egypt,
But Intemperance is worse.
In its gallery of portraits,
Lighted by the fires of hell,
Flame out faces of the fallen,
Painted fearfully and well.Lo! the heads of mighty genius
In dark frames arrest the gaze;
Round each broad, Byronic forehead
Serpents intertwined with bays.
Features of one, greatly gifted,
There the startled eye discerns;
Aby's own immortal singer,
Early marked for ruin—Borne!Artists of divine conception,
That the pencil dropped ere noon—
Poets, in their wild delirium,
Waking harp-strings out of tune,
And a face of kingly splendor,
With unutterable woe
Stamped on all its lines of beauty,
Whispers to the gazer—Poe!Sovereigns robed in royal purple
In that gallery are seen,
Loathsome marks of dissipation
Blotting out majestic mien.
Alexander crushing nations
Underneath his iron heel,
Outlined with the blood of Clytus
Clinging to his ruthless steel.And the mighty King Belshazzar!
Drunk in his festal hall,
While a pencil, tipped with lightning,
Writes his doom upon the wall;
And "the scourge of God," who perished
When a thousands fields were won,
Overthrown by wine, the mocker,
Attila, the royal Hun.Count the raindrops that are swallowed
By the vast, engulfing main,
Not the victims by his agent
Of the Powers of Darkness slain.
Pestilence that walks at midnight,
War that crimson land and sea,
Monster! born of distillation,
Are but dwarfs compared to thee.By whose name the potent is rendered
O'er which Alecto, the king,
Holds his reign of death and terror
While the birds of Hope take wing.
Based on godlike mind in ruin,
On Love's bleeding, broken heart,
Is his throne from which the Furies
On their fearful mission start.Who asks where his court is holden?
With his satraps—Death, Despair—
In the churchyard and the dungeon,
On the scaffold—find it there!

THE EFFECTS OF INTemperance.

Among the names registered at the Tombs the other night, was that of a youth of about fifteen years of age, who had been arrested for drunkenness. But he was not drunk nor had he been drinking. He was, moreover, in good sound health, but gave all the external indications of being intoxicated when arrested by a police officer. Upon protesting to the keeper of the Tombs that he was not intoxicated, it was revealed that the unfortunate youth had been born a natural drunkard, or rather that he had always acted like such a thing. He said that although in good health he had never been able to walk without staggering. His speech was not unlike that of persons in a decided state of intoxication, and when excited he would mutter and reel. The unfortunate youth was detained until the next day and was not sent to the court to be gazed at through judicial spectacles. A subsequent investigation of the case proved that the lad had been telling the truth about himself, but his condition revealed a demonstration of the natural law, that the child is a fair copy of his parents. It appears that prior to marriage, the father had been a secret but confirmed inebriate, and when the fact became known to the woman thus suddenly and unexpectedly, she wept in the most terrible manner. Almost broken-hearted, she contemplated the future misery in store for her. Months passed away, when it was discovered that the child, at three years of age, acted strangely; and at the end of six months the unhappy woman fully realized all her forebodings. The effect produced upon the mother was not without the influence upon the midst of tears of bitter anguish, the sin that had been visited upon the child, the man reformed. He has now, several bright children, and most exemplary ones, too, they are. But the boy that was brought into the Tombs was not drunk, but had entailed upon him a life of misery, as it was a blasted destiny.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE SUN OF LIFE.
(Manahen, the Egyptian, speaking.)
The things that have been and shall be no more,
The things that are, and that hereafter shall be,
The things that might have been, and yet were not,
The fading twilight of great joys departed,
The daybreak of great truths as yet unris-
en,
The intuition and the expectation
Of something, which, when come is not the same,
But only like its forecast in men's dreams,
The longing, the delay, and the delight,
Sweeter for the delay; youth, hope, love,
death,
And disappointment which is also death,
All these make up the sum of human life;
A dream within a dream, a wind at night
Howling across the desert in despair,
Seeking for something lost it cannot find,
Fate or forewarning, or whatever name
Men call it, matters not; what is to be
Hath been fore-written in the thought di-
vine
From the beginning. None can hide from
it,
But it will find him out; nor run from it,
But it overtakes him! The Lord hath said
it.

For the Present Age.
HEPWORTH.
BY IDA PORTER.

Why has the Rev. Mr. Hephworth separated himself from the Unitarians? To answer this we have need to inquire, why is there a religious sect called Unitarians? Because there are many who do not believe the evangelical dogma that there are three Gods and that the three are one; so these persons have agreed to make their belief in one God instead of three, a bond of society union, and to call themselves Unitarians. These Unitarians are supposed to agree in their disbelief of the alleged God-hood of Jesus Christ. Evangelicals have therefore deemed them heretical and have ostracized them from the pale of Christian fellowship, with more or less asperity, wherever their name has been known. Although this society has been supposed to be united in their disbelief of the God-hood of Jesus Christ, they have diverse views of his character and office, some affirming that he was man, others that he was more than man, that he was begotten unlike any other man; the former holding that he was an inspired human teacher and that men are saved by him only as they adopt and practice the precepts which he taught; the latter, that he was in a peculiar sense divine, and that all he ever said or did was infallibly right. Theodore Parker, Robert Collyer, and nameless other Unitarians hold the former opinion. Mr. Hephworth and some others hold the latter. They have all been sailing together under the one-God flag—Unitarians with a name and fame of fast growing popularity among sinners, but still deemed a piratical crew deserving endless damnation, by evangelical saints.

Since the great Theodore Parker lived and preached, it has become common for some of the most distinguished Unitarians to express in their pulpits a disbelief in the plenary inspiration of some things contained in that "compend of books called the Bible, and to deny the saving effects of blood as blood, whether shed by God or man; and to assert the divinity of man as well as the divinity of Jesus. Perhaps no one of their numbers has repeated these heresies more frequently or more boldly than Robert Collyer. Others, not so broadly known, whose talents and private character are not yet so well appreciated, have, by permission, gone up into the Unitarian pulpit, and in a style and manner less popular, unblushingly promulgated the same or similar heresies. Thus men called clergymen have been allowed to stand in that sacred place, called a church, in the most sacred part of it, called a pulpit, on that most sacred day, called Sunday, and there to proclaim doctrines very nearly related to those advocated by Thomas Paine, William Pitt, Voltaire, Ethan Allen, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, Andrew Jackson Davis, and Theodore Parker. If this desecration should continue unchecked, Sunday will become a common day, and the church a common place, and clergymen, instead of being recognized as the duly appointed and fully

authorized attorneys of God will dwindle to common men and be no more revered than others of equal talents, education, and purity of life. To a man of Mr. Hephworth's position and organization, this seemed intolerable. So he called out to his Unitarian brethren to stop it. They refused. He was the honored pastor of a one-God church in a pious city where mammon and evangelical Christianity have entered into an alliance offensive and defensive to stifle free thought and to rob the poor. Here seemed a chance to go out from such a motley crew of infidels as the Unitarians were fast becoming, and to carry with him his chapel, his society, and his salary. Here was a pretext, and apparently an opportunity. The leap was made, but the leaper lacked the strength and the ability to span the chasm. He is now floating alone, buoyed up by a single church, having fellowship with no other. Brother Ryder endorses his wisdom and says he was right in deserting a flag so disgraced by the unchristian, piratical opinions of those who sail under it. Thus stands the matter. The one-God church will probably move on as formerly, adding to its heresies one after another, until all its members shall learn that the only rational bond of unity for any religious society consists in something to be done and not in something to be believed.

NATIONAL CONVENTION IN CINCINNATI TO SECURE A RELIGIOUS AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 31.—The National Convention to secure a religious amendment to the Constitution met to-day at Thom's Hall. About 250 delegates are present from different States. The Convention was called to order by Professor O. N. Stoddard, of Wooster University, Ohio. The object of the Convention was fully stated by the Rev. D. McAllister, Secretary. Professor Stoddard read the call for the Convention.

M. B. Hoggans, one of the Judges of the Superior Court of Cincinnati, was chosen President. The Vice President, Rev. B. P. Aydelotte, D. D.; Professor O. N. Stoddard, Rev. R. Audley Brown, D. D.; Rev. J. R. W. Sloane, D. D.; Rev. E. D. Norris, D. D.; David Boyd, Esq.; Rev. J. B. Hileig, Rev. Mr. Ritchie, Secretary, Rev. H. H. George.

Judge Haggans delivered an address on taking the chair. He congratulated the delegates that they had met peacefully, without regard to sect or party, to discuss questions of much moment. He welcomed them to the State and city, the heart of the nation. He firmly believed the vast majority of the people of the United States approve the scope and end of this movement. The explicit acknowledgment of God in the Constitution is but the recognition of an obligation on the part of the State as binding on the national conscience as on that of its independent members. The nation is not a compact and does not live by the will of man. It has its foundation in man's nature, and existed before constitutions or laws. People clamor for legislation against evil, but forget that insidious forces, tending to national ruin, find strength in the fact that the temple which the nation has built for itself does not blaze with the glory of the ineffable presence, nor does its garments, made with its own fingers, shimmer with the halo of its divine origin before the people, so casting and reflecting the influence of the State on the people and the people back on the State. The process of decadence may go on to the utter ruin of the nation and its temple. He would not speak of the methods for attaining the end desired by this Convention. The agitation of this question, he felt sure, would not end till rightly settled, for we have learned from our own history that in the long run the people are right.

Letters were read from Judge Strong, of the Supreme Court of the United States; Prof. J. Seely, of Amherst College; Dr. Patterson of Chicago, and others, expressing regret at their inability to attend.

Secretary McAllister read a report of his doings since October, 1871. Information has been received of thirty organizations, with membership of between two and three hundred; besides there has been much public discussion. Within the year, over two hundred meetings have been held. The National Convention was deemed advisable, and Cincinnati selected as the place because it was the scene of the agitation of the question of the Bible in schools. Experience confirms the belief that the progress of the movement depends on the thoroughness of its presentation to the minds of intelligent citizens.

The schedule of topics for discussion at the Convention, with the names of leading speakers, is as follows: "Relation of education to relig-

ion," Rev. A. D. Mayo; "Moral character and accountability of the nation," Prof. J. R. W. Sloane; "Neutrality of State in morals and religion a thing impossible," Professor Taylor Lewis; "Relation of the written Constitution to the true character and welfare of the nation," Professor Stoddard; "Practical value and effect of the proposed amendment," Rev. T. P. Stevenson.

The Secretary suggested the publication of the proceedings to stimulate lecturers to keep the discussion before the people. He believed that, in the language of the distinguished Judge who presided over the Convention, "the Christian sentiment in regard to government in this country is crystallizing, and this amendment is the form it must take."

Notice was given by F. E. Abbott, editor of the Toledo Weekly Index, a paper devoted to the interests of free religion, that he desired to utter a remonstrance against the object of this Convention. Objections were made, and he appealed to the Chair to say whether or not he could utter such remonstrance.

Thomas Shaw, of Cincinnati, said if this were a National Democratic Convention, or a Republican, he would hardly insist on naming a candidate for President, and he thought the same rule should apply here.

Rev. A. Ritchie thought a respectful remonstrance ought to be received. It would provoke discussion, and if this movement could not bear discussion or light it ought to be abandoned.

Mr. Claumey Barnes, of Athens, Ohio, welcomed this element of opposition. It was the scourge that would elicit truth. Jesus Christ was the more clearly revealed because of the opposition He met. This remonstrance should be received in kindness, and killed by kindness.

On motion, Mr. Abbot was requested to reduce his remonstrance to writing and present it to the Committee on Business, to whom the whole subject was referred.

At the evening session addresses were delivered by Rev. A. D. Mayo, and Prof. Sloane.

The Committee on Resolutions reported a series of resolutions, which were laid over for discussion. They declare that the State exercising jurisdiction over a million of human beings, and as sovereign arbiter of life and death, as an educating power, has necessarily a moral character and accountability of its own; that it is the right and duty of the United States as a nation settled by Christians with Christian laws and usage, and with Christianity as its greatest social force, to acknowledge itself in its Constitution to be a Christian nation; that a failure by this nation to acknowledge its relation to God, has fostered the theory that the Government had nothing to do with religion but let it alone, and that State laws in favor of the Sabbath, Christian marriage, and use of the Bible in the public schools, are unconstitutional; that we recognize the necessity of complete harmony between our written Constitution and the actual facts of our national life, and the true way to effect this harmony is not to expel the Bible and abrogate laws enforcing Christian morality, and abolish all devout observances in connection with the Government, and all idea of God and religion from our schools, but to insert an explicit acknowledgment of God and the Bible in the fundamental law; that the proposed religious amendment is directly opposed to the union of Church and State.

From the Golden Age.

THE DEVIL'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

At last the devil has incontinently rushed into print exclaiming: Where are my horns? In a handsome pamphlet of thirty-five pages, published in Boston of course, he complains of ill usage at the hands of mankind in general and ecclesiastics in particular, and makes out a pretty plausible case for himself. "What a singular being I would be, if one tithe of the stories about me were true?" he says; and certainly he would be singular enough. But mankind overlooks his benefits in thinking only of his bale; for was he not to tempt Jesus of Nazareth into celebrity, and get Judas Iscariot to betray him for thirty pieces of silver? Indeed but for him Adam and Eve had not eaten the fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, and the whole race of mortals would have been fools. Moreover in his universal relations his personality blends with that of Deity, and it is hard to distinguish a visitation of the Devil from a visitation of providence. Every now and then Nature has, as it were, to wrench herself into order when things go wrong in her economy, by means of earthquakes and tornadoes; and mankind recover from cramps and colic by the violent strainings and bitter medicines of revolution. All these things tend to good, and all are charged to the account of the Devil, who after all is merely the black servant of Almighty Goodness, doing the hard and dirty work of the world, and receiving the kicks and curses of mankind for his condescension. Really our view of

Satan must be reconsidered, and in his place of Badness we must write Benevolence. A good angel is hid under the black mask, and scares and tears only to save and heal. So much for the devil's account of himself, which we commend to the respectful study of the Orthodox Clergy who have had extensive dealings with him and in whose system he is an indispensable adjunct. Indeed, Theodore Parker was not far out of the way when he said the Devil is the fourth person in the popular Trinity, and receives more attention than all the others.

BEGGARS IN CHINA.

Beggars in China prepare themselves for their work by no small amount of suffering. If we may believe a correspondent. He says four men were seen one day crawling on their hands and knees, having lost their legs a few inches below the knee. They asserted that their eight legs had been burned off in a fire. But it was ascertained that in the southern part of the province of Sautung, beggars have their legs taken off by a professional beggar surgeon; his plan being to tie a piece of thin string around the middle of the calf drawing it closer day by day, till mortification of the lower limb ensues. After a while the bone is exposed, sawn through, the wound closes up, and the beggars sent forth, amidst the congratulations of their friends, as in a fair way to obtain a beggar's fortune. Numbers, however, sink under the tortures of the tedious operation.

Correspondence.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—The Spiritualists of Clinton Co., Michigan, are "looking up." They have engaged Dr. B. P. Barnum, as a circuit speaker for the term of one year, at a salary of \$1,000. The circuit embraces some four or five points for speaking, and we hope for success during the year by so efficient and earnest a speaker. I think the plan a good one to be imitated by Spiritualists.

On the 13th and 14th of the present month we held a very interesting meeting at Maple Rapids, on our circuit. Besides the ministrations of our regular speaker, Mrs. Kutz was employed, and favored us with eloquent and instructive discourses. She delivered a funeral discourse on the 14th instant, in commemoration of the life and second birth of an aged sister, Mrs. Van Sickle, who passed to the higher life one week previously. Dr. Barnum's lectures were logical, and eloquent. His discourse on the "Four Great Law-givers" of the ancients was a masterpiece.

The platform was briefly occupied by S. R. Van Sickle, and each of the regular speakers in turn. The enthusiasm of the meeting, though at one time chilled by the "wet blanket" thrown over it by some remarks made by an indiscreet brother, was fully aroused before the dismissal by the pointed remarks of our speakers. Particularly, were Bro. Barnum's remarks in relation to "Practical Religion," admired by all. His decided and open opposition to the useless and degrading habits of tobacco-using, whisky-drinking, and profanity, added a star to his crown in the minds of the many earnest, practical reformers present. Yours truly, S. W. DAVIS.

ST. JOHNS, MICH., JAN. 27th, 1872.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—We prize you more than ever since your glorious resurrection. Having passed through the fiery ordeal, you are better prepared to put on the garment of manhood and assist in trampling down all error and oppression and may thousands rally to your support in your good mission. We need the comforting words that come through your mediumship from the noble workers throughout the land. When I look abroad and see such a lack of principle, I almost wonder if there is a just God, almost doubt that justice and truth exist in this lower world. What can stay the slanderous tongue? foul destroyer, going forth to destroy the beautiful fabrics of purity and love, and plant in their stead foul seeds to germinate in poisonous weeds that fill the air with their breath of venom. But thank God, it cannot harm the soul. How poor woman's heart is wrung with agony when standing out before the world as an advocate of purity, yet made to feel the assassin's thrust. Brothers and sisters in this noble movement, stand firm to each other, and when the slander strikes, feel there are sympathetic souls throbbing with yours that have passed through the same trial. Let us renew our courage and battle for truth and right that we may drive this demon from the land.

I have tried very hard to circulate *Woodhall and Coffin's Weekly* in this sectarian town. I have done some good but have received more curses than blessings. But gaining strength from the invisibles, I will continue to work, feeling confident that ere long truth must supplant error.

I am yours for truth and right,

JULIA A. STARKLEY.

EDITOR PRESENT AGE:—Please find enclosed money order for six dollars from John Coles, for which he desires a renewal of his subscription for the PRESENT AGE with *Woodhall and Coffin's Journal* for one year, the remainder he sends you in consideration of your loss by fire. He is over sixty years old and works hard for every dollar he gets, but is very earnest in his devotion to Spiritualism and has given more for its promulgation in this place than any other one.

MRS. M. W. BARR.
PRESBURY, Jan. 24th, 1872.

I think your paper the best of the kind now published. There is never any thing in it objectionable, and for that reason if no other, I would try to extend its circulation.
A FRIEND AND SUBSCRIBER.
TOSCA, Pa. Jan. 25, 1872.

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Advertisements.

A REMARKABLE CURE.

One year ago, my life hung seemingly, as it were, by a thread. My body was full of corruption. A very large abscess on my right side. A scrofulous running sore on limb, which troubled me constantly for years. Cancerous development on the side of nose and on lips. My case was considered hopeless; no radical benefit from any source whatever. In this very critical and deplorable condition I consulted the Noted Analytical Physician, DUMONT C. DAKE, M. D., of this city, and under his very skillful treatment was speedily restored to perfect health—which was not the case for twenty years previous to my consulting Dr. DAK. He has my lasting gratitude. The Doctor's great success further than justice, needs no encomium at my hand. MRS. MARGARET HARROLD.
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One house in Massachusetts sold fifty bottles Johnson's Rheumatic Compound, with the agreement, "No Cure Money Refunded," and has only had three bottles refunded. Why endureaching limbs and joints when there is such a certain remedy.

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Demand the direct and efficient treatment of the human system, and every form of disease.

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In their relations to medicine these should be prepared with scientific precision, and used with the most judicious and successful of all the deodorizing and disinfecting substances. When properly applied, it immediately arrests disease and prevents its progress.

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As will enable any one to successfully treat the various diseases of the human system, and every form of disease.

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